

MAGAZINE FEATURES

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DAILY COMIC PAGE

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE TODDLE BUG.

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One day, when Uncle Wiggily was hopping along through the woods not far from his hollow stump-bungalow, thinking whether it was time to take his trunk, he heard some voices in the bushes.

"Go now, jump! Jump right over his head!" cried one voice.

"Yes, and if you can't jump over his head, jump on it!" spoke a second voice.

"Oh, my goodness me, takes alive and some lollypop caramels!" thought Uncle Wiggily, looking around for a place to hide.

"That must be either the Skenicks or the Pipewhew after me, and they want to jump on my head!" Oh dear!

The bunny rabbit gentleman was just going to crawl into a hole which he saw in a log when, all at once, he heard a laugh and another voice said:

"There now! Look at Uncle Wiggily. Show him how well you can jump, little Croko!"

"Hunt! That doesn't sound like the Pip or the Sken," thought Uncle Wiggily, turning around. And as he did so he saw Bully and Bawly No-Tail the two froggie boys, and with them a little frog chap about half grown.

"Hello, Uncle Wiggily!" croaked Bully and Bawly.

"Hello," answered the rabbit gentleman. "I thought you were some one else. What's going on, and who is your little frog friend?"

"Croko," answered Bully.

"Croko? What a nice, funny name!" laughed Uncle Wiggily.

"Mother was going to call him Croquet, after the game we once played with you," said Bawly. "But he gave a funny little croak, when he was eating some lollypop soup one day, and since then we call him Croko."

"But he can't jump," added Bully. "That's what we're trying to teach him now—in jump as we do. Only he's afraid."

"What's he afraid of?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"I don't know—just because," answered Croko for himself. "I never jumped before."

"And you never will unless you try," said Uncle Wiggily. "It's like a little girl learning to walk. They have to make a start some time. Come on, now, I'll help you."

But, though the bunny rabbit gentleman helped, and though Bully and Bawly did some of their best jumping, Croko was afraid to hop along as all frogs should.

"I don't want to," he said.

"Don't be afraid," softly said Uncle Wiggily. "Just now I heard your brothers saying something about jumping over some one's head."

"I was telling him to jump over Bully's head, or on mine," spoke Bawly.

"Yes, and you can jump on my head if you want to," said the rabbit gentleman with a twinkle of his pink nose.

But still Croko was afraid.

"I'm sure I don't know what we are going to do," said Uncle Wiggily. "Would you like to see to the hollow stump school, and have the lady mouse teacher show you how to jump, Croko?"

"Oh, no!" answered the little frog boy. "Maybe I'll jump all by myself after a while."

"But it takes you so long to get started," spoke the bunny rabbit. "Now if you will only try to teach my little brother, Croko, how to jump, please!"

"Oh, no! Is anything the matter there?" suddenly asked a very small voice.

"Well, nothing very much is the matter," answered Mr. Longears.

"We are only trying to teach my little brother, Croko, how to jump," spoke Bully.

"But he's afraid," added Bawly.

"Why, he shouldn't be afraid," went on the little voice. "Look at me, how small I am, and yet I dare walk across a spider's web just as the man in the circus walks on a wire in the tent. Look!"

And then, across a cobweb which stretched from one tree to another in the woods, walked a tiny little insect.

"Who are you?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"I am the Toddle Bug," was the answer. "When I was very little I could only toddle—you know, sort of stand up and fall down, and creep along and pull myself by bits of twigs and leaves. Once I could only toddle, but now I can walk across a spider's web."

"Isn't he brave?" said Uncle Wiggily, not looking at Croko, but sort of speaking toward him.

"And so little, too," added Bully.

"He's a real smart!"

"I wouldn't dare walk on a spider's web, even if I can jump," said Bawly.

And then the Toddle Bug walked back and forth on the thin swaying spider's web. And he was such a tiny chap, yet not a bit afraid, and he was so smart that Croko suddenly said:

"Well, if a Toddle Bug can walk through the air above the ground on a cobweb, I just guess I can jump over your head, Bully!"

Then Croko gave a hop, skip and a jump, and through the air he sailed, from one hump of moss to another.

"There you go!" cried Uncle Wiggily.

"Now you are a regular frog, for you have learned to jump!"

The Toddle Bug helped me," said Bawly. And ever since then frogs have been good jumpers. And if the rice pudding doesn't take the oatmeal jam away from the bread and butter when they go to the moving pictures with the lollypop, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and Nippy's bone.



LITTLE MARY MIXUP—Mary Thought the Tea rs Were All for Her



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